

A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
 My Father gaue him welcome to the shore :
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God
 He came but to the Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his liuery and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale :
 My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd ;
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the Realme,
 Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attend him on bridges, stode in lanes,
 Laide gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
 Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
 He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
 Vpon the naked shore at *Raenspurgh*
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
 That lay too heauie on the common wealth,
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
 This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
 The hearts of all that he did angle for ?
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the fauourites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole state :
 To make that worse, suffred his kinsman March,
 Who is, if every owner were plac'd,

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
 There without ransome to lie forfeited,
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my Vncle from the Counsell boord,
 In rage dismisde my Father from the Court,
 Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
 This head of safetie, and withall to prie
 Into his title, the which we finde
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King ?

Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw a while :
 Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
 Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
 And in the morning early shall my Vncle
 Bring him our purpose, and so fare well.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good *Sir Michell*, beare this sealed Brie
 With winged haft to the Lord *Marshall*,
 This to my coosen *Scroope*, and all the rest
 To whome they are directed. If you knew
 How much they doe import, you would make haft.

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe,
 Tomorrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day
 Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch : For *Sir* at *Shrewsbury*,
 As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
 The King with mighty and quick rayed power,
 Meets with Lord *Harry* ; and I feare *Sir Michell*,
 What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
 Whose power was in the first proportion ;
 And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
 Who with them was rated firmly too,